of a higher life (life in quotes), which starting as a romantic attach*
ment may fulfil itself in spiritual detachment.

Milly ponders over the doctor's advice after she leaves his clinic to wander in the streets of London. Sickness, suffering and death are common to all human beings, and the awareness of a shared life of doom should prepare Milly to face the "great common anxiety" which is the "practical question of life''. Spiritual refinement lies in a knowing acceptance of life and of one's lot in it. Milly acquires this refinement, but human as she is, she cannot reconcile herself to the absence of home and happiness in her life. She makes a delibe-
rate attempt to love and to live, but asks herself, "would not her value, for the man who should marry her, be precisely in the ravage of her disease ? She might n't last, but her money would."[1]" The world sees no value in her, apart from her fabulous wealth. The "pink dawn of apotheosis" comes to her in the episode in which she is taken by Lord Mark to see the Bronzino, which is said to resemble her. To be taken for the portrait is to be taken for dead, and to die valued only for her wealth, like the "great personage" of the portrait with her "recorded jewels" and her "brocaded wasted reds/' is to die a permanent spiritual death. Milly must then cut across the ambiguous; surfaces of her environment and probe into the deep, if ambivalent, springs of life. The cataleptic indirections of her convalescent situation must enlarge and extend themselves into the direct glow of a spiritual aura.

The Rronzino brings into Mi fly's consciousness the realisation of an order of permanence and vaiue which extends the personal world of love into the impersonal world of art. A work of art con-
denses life first to its physical essence of form and then, through the alchemical miracle of self-conscious sensibility, and refinement: of imagination, transfigures it into a pervasive presence. Milly realises that on the plane of her own individual life, as in a work of art, by

the arrestment of action through the almost allegorical intercession of
love, she may discover an unsuspected enhancement of life, an in-
finitely enduring form of perfection. Love in actuality may be a
waste of .spirit .in.the expanse of time; but in art, and, in love related
to art, life is all permanence, aft intensity, ait discrimination. The
anistk; analogue functioning through the physical syndrome of MHIy's
kivalidism gives to MiUy an Intimation of transcendence which achi-
eves value at.the expense of fact, but keeps what is beautiful not only